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MORE BLUSTER THAN BLOOD.

BISMARCK.—Yooost knock dot chip off my shoulder, uf you dare!
 UNCLE SAM.—Say, yeou dassen't step on the tail o' my coat!
 JOHN BULL.—'Oo wants to 'it me in me blooming heye?



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Editor, H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IF THE INVESTOR cares to study a marvelous system of organization, he has only to get permission to look into the methods by which the office business of any one of our great corporations is managed. He will find organization carried to the highest point, under a system which makes error or malfeasance nearly impossible. Every clerk, every individual part of the great machine, is directly responsible to some other clerkly factor in the general scheme—and he, in his turn, to some other. The system of inter-responsibility is all but perfect. It leaves hardly a loophole for dishonesty or neglect. Office-boy and head book-keeper are alike subject to rules that cover their slightest action, and keep them up to the most elevated pitch of usefulness. Not a document leaves the office that is not scrutinized by a dozen watchful eyes. The least important piece of paper is checked and re-checked. Every official act is recorded. Every letter is filed, indorsed, indexed. No machine could be more regular in its operations, more accurate, less variable. One day is like another, and every day is a day of systematic, regular, well-ordered work.

And so far, so good. It is well to have a good system in business; it is well to be orderly, to have things done in the right way, at the right time, and by the right men. It is well, moreover, not to put too great a burden of confidence upon any one man, but rather to make every man in such an organization feel his responsibility to every other member.



IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

MR. BLEECKER HOUSTON.—Have n't you any thing that has n't garlic in it?
ENN LE.—Oui, Monsieur. Ze sugar-r-r!

Of course, such a system may be carried too far. We must remember that dishonesty is not a common fault among petty clerks. Dishonest men there are, among them; but they are a small minority. There are many who are dull or negligent, perhaps; but few are really unfaithful to the interests of their employers. Taken as a body, clerks in this country are honest and industrious; and the habits and traditions of business life set up a high standard of conduct, to which they generally conform. It is quite possible to set too strict a watch upon them: to put them under rules the imposition of which suggests a humiliating doubt of their honesty and good faith. And, beyond a doubt, there are offices where the clerks are watched as though they were convicts, and subjected to a superintendence which is insulting and unnecessary.

Yet this is far better than no superintendence at all. In public corporations, it is sometimes a necessary evil—unpleasant, indeed, but the best thing for all concerned—for the superintended as well as for those who superintend. It may annoy the honest man, but it also protects him. He may feel that it is unnecessary, in his own case; but he must remember that it guarantees his probity to those who know nothing of his character.

On the whole, the investigating investor must conclude that this system is a great and eminently desirable safeguard. And if he pushes his investigations beyond the main office, he must see reason to think that the system might be carried much further, and made to include the great men of the financial world, as well as the small. For, as soon as he goes out of the "general office," he finds the "private office" free from superintendence or supervision. The private office does as it pleases—and the main interests of the corporate body are intrusted to the private office. The clerks check the cash; and the private office makes the investments, allots the loans and receives the income of the concern. And the private office is responsible—to whom?

Too frequently only to a board of directors of which two or three are active "promoters," while a dozen are mere figure-heads, respectable business men, who are stockholders, and who allow their names to be used for the benefit of the concern, without having the least intention of "directing" its business in any way. The "promoters," as a matter of fact, conduct the whole business. Perhaps they conduct it honestly: perhaps they conduct it for their own personal benefit. In either event, the "dummy" members of the board of directors know little of what is actually done. Their names are before the public as the guardians of the interests committed to their care. But their names are all that they contribute toward the corporate benefit. Nominally managers, they are only beneficiaries; and their duties are re-committed to so-called "active members" who are, probably, active members in other concerns, each of which calls for a share of their time and attention. So it comes that even the "active members" must delegate an important portion of their duties to trusted managers, general agents, cashiers and other officers, who, by their position, are above the smaller clerks whose every movement is noted and recorded. And so it comes that these same trusted officials learn from their superiors a lesson of irresponsibility and disregard of duty to the public, which shows them the first step toward betrayal of trust, illegitimate speculation, embezzlement and theft. If he yields to the temptations of his position, the crime is the official's and it is not to be made light of. But the moral responsibility is not wholly his. Some of it, at least, the dummy director must shoulder.

Who has not seen at school two or three important "big boys" standing around a frightened and helpless little boy, while a conversation of this nature was carried on?

SAM.—Aw, let the kid have his top. I'd be ashamed to bully such a little feller.

BIZ.—I don't want his top. You mind your own business, any how. Besides the top's too big for him; he can't spin it alone.

SAM.—Yes, he can, too. Here, you! I'll show you how to spin your top.

BIZ.—Don't you let Sam have your top, youngster. You'll never see it again—

JOHN.—What are you boys fighting about here?

BIZ.—We ain't fightin'. I would n't fight about a top.

JOHN.—Here little 'un, I'll look after your top.

BIZ. } —No, you don't!

SAM. }

JOHN.—What are you goin' to do about it?

SAM. } — " " " " " " " " ?

BIZ. }

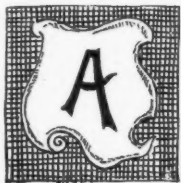
BIZ. }

SAM. } —Nuthin'.

JOHN. }

Such, in more elegant if less forcible language seems to be the present situation of the three "Powers" in regard to Samoa. The spectacle is interesting, if not edifying.

LOST — THREE JOKES.



THIN MAN with bath-brick ringlets was walking up Barclay Street, mumbling something. When he got through, he commenced looking in his pockets, and regretted the fact that he had no pencil and paper. Then he went on:

"A line of horses standing in a blizzard might be called a *chevaux-de-frise*; a Polish Jew, selling clothing on Chatham Street, could be alluded to as a clothes Pole; and a man, dying out West of a cold in the head, might be said to have snuffed off his mortal coil."

Then he rushed into the Astor House, and walked to the writing-room to jot these observations down; but the seats were all occupied, and he was obliged to leave. As he went down the stairs, he said:

"If I forget these impressions now, I shall never be able to recall them, and it will be just so much gold lost. I must keep repeating them until I learn them by heart. Frozen horses, *chevaux-de-frise*; Polish Jew clothing dealer, a clothes Pole; man died with cold in head, snuffing off mortal coil."

Observing a man selling blank-books on the corner, he purchased one. But the man had no pencils.

"This is unfortunate," said the young man. "Frozen horses, *chevaux-de-frise*. If I could only get a pencil I'd be all right — Polish Jew clothing, clothes Pole. Do you know where I can get a pencil around here? — snuffed off mortal coil, cold in head, and —"

"There's a man selling pencils over there," broke in the blank-book seller.

Over to the pencil seller ran the man with the observations to be jotted down.

"Give me a pencil," he said; "frozen horses, *chevaux-de-frise* — no, a black pencil — Polish Jew, a clothes Pole. By gracious, by gra — well, I declare, I have forgotten the other one! — what is it?"

"Five cents!" replied the pencil dealer.

"No; I mean the joke."

"What joke?" asked the pencil dealer.

"The joke I just forgot."

"How do I know?" laughed the pencil dealer.

"By gracious, I have no knife to sharpen the pencil with! Have you a knife?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'm as badly off as ever."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the pencil dealer.

"Frozen horses, *chevaux-de-frise*, and —"

He paused a moment. "By gracious, I have forgotten another! Let me see — what was it? Was it about a sea-gull, or a horse-car, or —"

"Perhaps it was a fish story about a pericarp," suggested the dealer.

"No; it was not. It is right on my tongue's end, yet —"

"What was the first one? that may refresh your memory."

"The first one was — was — was — let me see, the first one was — about a — I will think of it in a minute; it is rattling around in my brain, but I can't quite catch it; it was about a —"

Then he dropped his head, and walked moodily away, murmuring:

"They will never return; they are with the cuckoos of 1843, and the flowers that will bloom no more. They are gone, and also forgotten."

And the professional humorist mingled with the procession.

R. K. M.



STRANGE IMPLEMENTS.

NORAH. — They do be somethin' wrong wid that gintleman in th' spare room, Ma'am. Th' dure is open, an' Oi seen him blackin' his boots wid th' hair-brush, shinin' his hat wid th' toot'-brush, an' brushin' his hair wid th' clothes-brush!

MRS. KIRBY STONE. — Let him amuse himself, Norah. He's a friend of Mr. Stone's, from Pittsburgh.



THERE ARE DOCTORS in a great many of the professions, Cedric; but most people only give this title to medical men. Dr. generally expresses the exact state of the patient's relations to his physician.

THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA would prove a sad blow to at least one American industry. How could the Guaranty Companies keep up their premiums for insuring honesty, when the waters of the St. Lawrence did no longer wash the embezzler as white as snow?

BECAUSE THE EYES are the windows of the soul, it does n't follow that we should pull down the blind.

AND NOW the Anarchists are jumping on Johann Most. You can find out a good deal about a man from the company he used to keep.

DON'T THINK that a man is a genius because he wears long hair. True genius brings plenty of work to both tonorial and editorial shears, for the much-quoted man can always afford to be clipped.

"OUT, BRIEF CANDLE!" cries *Macbeth*, speaking of life. His, indeed, was a wicked one.

THE DIN OF Wagnerian music suggests that some one is building castles in the air.

THE STARS of a ballet form the constellation of the Great Bare.

THE VOCALIST who always has fifteen dollars in his inside pocket should pay that ten dollars he owes to O'Grady.

"ALL THINGS must have an end." It is singular that the proverb maker did n't remember that that which has one end must have two.

A RUSSIAN NOVELIST was recently arrested on suspicion of being implicated in a plot. They read his works. He was discharged.

"OH," SIGHED young Tompkins, "my fiancée is a miserable correspondent. She answers my letters the day she receives them, and then expects me to do the same."

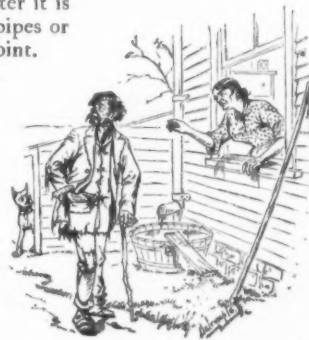
IT IS ASTONISHING how long any thing will last after it is supposed to be played out. Possessors of old pipes or of wealthy relations, can give testimony on this point.

MEMORIES OF WORK.

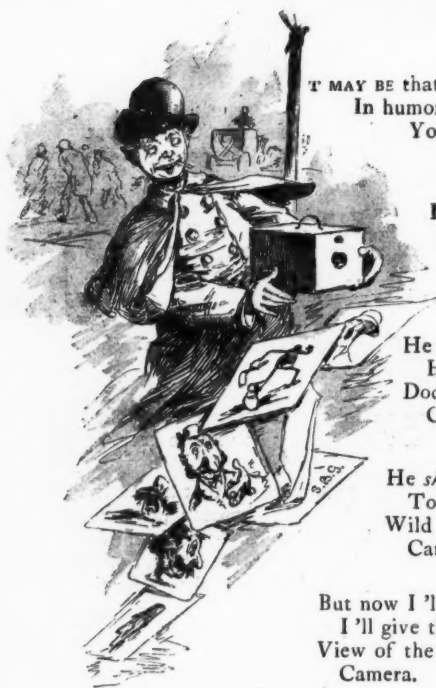
WEARY RAGGLES. — Will you kindly give me a drink of water, Madame?

MRS. HASEED. — There's the well; go help yourself.

WEARY RAGGLES. — I would prefer you should hand it to me in a goblet, if you please. The memories which the sight of that old oaken bucket awaken would make the draught bitter with my tears.



THE D. C.



IT MAY BE that I am defective
In humor; but I'd like to hammer a
Youth that's abroad with a detective
Camera.

I can not find, though long reflective,
In dictionary or in grammar, a
Phrase to fit him and that detective
Camera.

He shoots my face in wild perspective;
He makes me look like a jim-jammer, a
Doddering wreck, with his detective
Camera.

He shows these libels, irrespective,
To friends and foes, who raise a clamor, a
Wild shriek of mirth o'er his detective
Camera.

But now I'll try my hand corrective—
I'll give this gay pictorial clammer a
View of the stars through his detective
Camera.

Chas. F. Lummis.

THE LATE Oliver Ditson left fifteen thousand dollars for the founding of a home for poor singers. But the sum is appallingly inadequate. Fifteen millions would n't house half of them.

A MISS MAY BE as good as a mile; but she's lucky in not having to buy stockings for as many feet.

THE LOOKING-GLASS is the only truth-teller that is universally popular. But this is because we interpret its reflections to suit ourselves, and not literally.

"IT IS BETTER to give up a good joke than a good friend." Some humorous papers are evidently bound to keep their friends.

IF YOU intend visiting New York, Mr. Oatcake, we recommend you to come on a week day. The only amusement you could find on Sunday would be in making the rounds of the saloons.

WHEN A MAN feels rocky in the morning, he naturally drinks mineral water.



SPORT ON THE LOTS.

McHAFFY.—Fwhat are yez doin', Jerry?
GARRITY.—Nowlan's nanny goat is afther aitin' th' paint off me back-dure, an' it's stalkin' him Oi am, wid th' aid av our old Billy's remains, hivin rist him!

CRUDE, BUT EFFECTIVE.

TOMMY.—Are you going to send teacher a valentine?

JOHNNIE.—Naw. I'm after a piece of chalk to draw it on the fence.

AN OPINION FROM THOMPSON STREET.

MR. G. WASHINGTON DARKE.—I hear, Scott, dat yo's got a job on de *Morning Clarion*. Whad yo' think ob de profession ob journalism?

MR. W. SCOTT CLUFF.—It am a perffession, sah, which requires de clearest head an' de most pow'ful corncentration ob mind. No ordinary man, sah, could wash dose ten-story windows without dizziness.

TAKING AN INVENTORY.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Cora: "I can't find Ma anywhere. I wonder where she can be?"

"Don't worry about her, my dear," replied Mrs. Knaberly; "there's a new family moving in across the way; so I guess you'll find her looking out of the window."



PRIOR TO A WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION.

DE BLOY.—Joined the Haytien Army, Jack?

SENNINGER.—Not exactly: I left my claw-hammer in New York, and Senor di Tortugas, of the Spanish legation, sent his around with his compliments. I've got to wear it, or hurt his feelings.

THE CHARM BEGINS TO WORK.

EDITH.—Do you think that Emily Thumpitt is going to make a success of her type-writing?

MAUD.—Should n't wonder. They say that her employer goes home every day with a very thoughtful and absent-minded air.

STRATEGY.

VERA WILEY.—I'm afraid it would be better not to speak to Papa just yet, Jack. Wait until next week.

JACK DORR.—But why?

VERA WILEY.—My milliner's bill will be in then, and he may look upon your suit with more favor.

THEY ALL HAVE IT.

"I hear Parson Putup talking in the parlor."

"No; that is our new minister."

"New minister! Why, it is the same old voice!"

A NATURAL REPORTEE.

"How they comin'?" asked a tramp of the Backbone of the Continent.
"Pretty Rocky," replied the B. o. t. C. And then all the hillside.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

"**G**ENERAL HARRISON," remarked the Hon. Jonathan Hobson; "I took the liberty of calling, sir, to pay my respects, feeling confident that you would like to see a good Republican from our section. You have probably seen my name in the papers?"

"I am very glad to see you, sir."

"Our people are greatly interested in your administration, and if they can help you along they will be only too happy to do it. We represent a live, progressive Republicanism. The party is growing and doing good work, and with proper encouragement it will return big majorities at the next election. The only trouble with our people is that they are inclined to be a little too flattering toward their own leaders. For instance, I suppose you saw the numerous articles and resolutions connecting my name with a cabinet portfolio?"

"I am very glad to see you, sir."

"Of course these compliments are merely the ebullitions of good nature, the promptings of friendship and appreciation; but, as they seem to indicate that I represent the strength of the party, as well as to show a recognition of my services in collecting the biggest campaign fund we ever had, and in doing herculean work in marshaling the doubtful patriots on election day, I can not help being gratified by the expressions of confidence and approbation. Never, I may add, has so numerous a testimonial been extended to a party leader in my State, and I doubt not that you are fully alive to the importance of our vote."

"I am very glad to see you, sir."

"A cabinet portfolio is a distinguished honor, a most distinguished honor, beyond my ambition if not my ability; but I must say that the mention of a man's name in such a connection is in itself a matter that elates ones esteem, and makes him prouder than ever of his country and his party."

"I am very glad to see you, sir."

"I may say that I shall be most happy to be of service to you if you desire advice as to the allotment of offices in our section. I can furnish you with much valuable information. As to the cabinet, of course, that is for your own decision. But I see that you are a busy man, so I will bid you good day, sir."

"Good day. I'm very glad to have seen you, sir."

"Gentlemen," said the Hon. Mr. Hobson to a group of interviewers an hour later, at the hotel, "you must not ask me what General Harrison said. It would be highly improper for me to tell you; but you can rest assured that I had a very pleasant call—a most charming call—and the party of our State is all right."

And the next morning all the papers of the country published a column of telegraph news about, "Hobson For the Cabinet. Invited to Indianapolis by General Harrison. His Appointment Considered a Certainty."

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Of all the bitter feelings that are sent us from above,
The bitterest of these is that of unrequited love.
At first, the anguish that you feel is difficult to bide,
And desperation fills your soul with thoughts of suicide.
But calmer counsels will prevail, and with a stifled sigh
You suffer on in silence, or perhaps you vainly try
To drown the throbbings of your heart in dissipation's whirl;
But those throbbings never cease until you get another girl.

Miah Blake.

THE ONLY TIME when a gun is n't loaded is right after the accident.

THOSE ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES which steal theirs, find comfort in the proverb: "Bought wit is the best, but it may cost too much."



THE MEANEST YET.

MRS. HAMONEG.—Where 's the dinner?

BRIGITA.—Shure, Ma'am, whin Oi was goin' through the hall wid it, that new boarder pulled a revolver on me, grabbed th' chicken, an' he 's locked himself in his room!

A FUTURE AHEAD.

"Ah!" groaned Haffapound, as he leaned over his little counter: "here I have stuck to this miserable little grocery business until my hair is turning gray, and I see no chance of ever being better off."

"Why don't you move down into Alabama or Mississippi?" asked the man by the raisin-box; "there are no shop-keepers there—they all are 'prominent merchants.'"

THE FELLOW who sang, "My Heart and Lute I Can No More," is learning sense. They'd make very poor preserves.

WHEN A GIRL says no; but she'll be a sister to you, it is well to find out whether she means the chocolate caramel or the shirt-button sister.

IT IS WRONG to call us obstinate and opinionated. We stick to our own way merely because, thank heaven, we have more sense than other people.

WHEN THE fool-killer comes around, we all send him next door.

THAT SCARE AT THE CABIN.



LITTLE PERSEVERANCE COAKER.—M—Mamy! dey 's sump'n in mah baid!

MRS. COAKER.—Fo'd' lan's sake! chile, whad is it?



LITTLE PERSEVERANCE (thoroughly satisfied with the result of his pleasantries).—Me!

IN BUSINESS. — VII.

THE SPORTING CLERK.



DO NOT think that there was a man in our place who filled my soul, in the days of my young clerkhood, with such bitter and hopeless envy as the Sporting Clerk. I was not meanly envious — nay, I admired and revered him — but oh! how I longed to be him, or to be like him in some humble way.

It was not his position in the house that I coveted. I hardly know what that position was. I think he was a bill-collector with some supernumerary duties in connection with the outward shipping and Custom House business. What I envied him was the mad life of gayety which he led in a mysterious world that opened to him when the office-doors closed — a world about which he was always willing to tell me; but into which he never introduced me — or any one else.

He was a well-favored young man, with reddish whiskers and sandy hair and a ruddy complexion. He dressed well — a little too well for a clerk in a conservative old establishment like ours. But although his attire always hovered on the verge of flashiness, it never passed the fatal line where it would have attracted the attention of the Old Man, and brought down condemnatory comment.

Perhaps he kept in mind a tradition of a clerk of earlier days, a young Frenchman, who appeared at the office one morning in a shirt with a bosom richly embroidered and perforated with small circular holes, (like to those in what is called, I believe, "Hamburg edging,") through which holes shone forth a pink silk undershirt.

The Old Man saw him from afar, and came toddling up to him — the Old Man, in his wrinkled and shiny broadcloth, with a trail of snuff down the limp pleats of starchless shirt-bosom, and his black shoestring-necktie askew under his ear.

"Monsieur Clicquot," he said, very clearly, deliberately and distinctly, "where do you con-true to pro-cure such a gar-ment as that? I should like to pur-chase one for my own use," and he put his snuff-stained middle finger on the snowy embroidery.

M. Clicquot spent his luncheon time in going home and changing his shirt. But a week later there was a snow-storm; the Eighth Avenue cars were blocked, and he was half-an-hour late at the office, and received a month's notice.

Our Sporting Clerk was more careful than poor M. Clicquot; but if he was constrained in his attitude toward the firm, he was expansive enough with his fellow-clerks.



It was at luncheon that he let himself out and told his tales of riotous dissipation, of mad adventure, of marvelous conquests among the tenderer sex. What a man he was! What a devil of a fellow! How much he knew of this wicked world and all its delightfully iniquitous ways! I, a poor drudge, glad only to get through my work and breathe a bit before I went to bed — how I envied his glittering talents and wondered at his powers!

He told me of ambrosial nights with "a few fellers that he knew," of mysterious trips "behind the scenes" — he knew every play of the day, and the names of all the actors and actresses, and just what critical judgement to form of the powers and charms of each one — and of lovely women who had been smitten with a passion for him at first sight — while I listened with a yearning heart.

Not that he told me what should not have reached my ears. He was the soul of honor in his recitals. I see now that this was easier for him than I thought it then.

But how much may be conveyed by a knowing closure of the left eyelid — how much is expressed in the pistol-like report produced by clucking the root of the tongue against the back teeth! Had I not a hungry imagination to fill up the blanks in his narrative?

There was a time when I believed him. Of course I wondered how it was that he could do it all — how a man who was often on the windy docks at seven o'clock in the morning, and as often tied to an office desk until ten or twelve o'clock at night, found time to lead this life of sparkling and irresponsible gayety; how a poor clerk could bet on all the trotting matches, (this was before English racing ran us out of our national

sport,) and still had "a fifty" or "a hun." to put on his favorite boxers; (this was before boxers gave over fighting and took to talking,) but I dismissed my doubts as the offspring of my ignorance and my inexperience.

In due time I began to suspect him, and in the end (though it cost me some pain,) I had to acknowledge to myself that he was but a harmless and happy liar. Did I denounce him? Did I expose him? Oh, no. We none of us did, we poor toilers at the clerical mill. We knew he was lying; but we let him lie. There was not one of us who would not willingly have made himself believe that, whatever our meagre, captive lives were in reality, they might be such as this he pictured — if we only pleased. He ministered to our self-conceit — to our self-respect, perhaps. Why should we prick the bubble?

Those prismatic hues haunted our weary dreams. And so we let him talk, and pretended to believe him — and he pretended to believe that we believed him.

He came to his inevitable end (so far as our house was concerned,) just as he began to reach that region where a young man ceases to be noticeable for his youth — where his youth is no longer a part of his capital. Nobody knew exactly how it happened; so far as we could learn, he was invited to a party at the house of some broker whom he had obliged in the way of business; got drunk on Roman Punch or some such ignominious beverage, misbehaved himself, and finished the night in the station-house. Whatever his ill-doing was, it was made an excuse for his discharge.

For a while he used to drop in and join his old friends at luncheon. His raiment grew duller and duller, and shabbier and shabbier. One after another, he attempted various employments of an ephemeral sort, succeeding in none. At last he drifted up into the dry-goods district, and was lost to us.

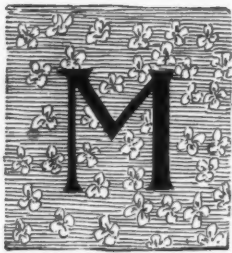
I saw him once, some eight or ten years later. He was hurrying along the street, with nervous anxiety in his very walk. His red whiskers were greyish: his ruddy skin was of a brick-dusty color; and he wore a foxy-red plush waistcoat. The sight of that waistcoat sent a pang to my heart, for I knew that his pretense of rakishness had grown so poor and thin, his lying so futile and incredible, that they needed this gross symbol of confirmation and substantiation to back them up: and I was sorry for him.

William of Lading.



FORCE OF HABIT.

MRS. UPTON FLATTE is so afraid of burglars that she never lets down the folding bed at night without looking under it for a man.



METEORIC GENIUS AND METEORIC IDIOCY.

FROM DISTANT time to time in the long lapse of ages, say about thirty times a week, there shoots across the literary horizon of every magazine office a meteoric genius—self-styled. It is not at all difficult, according to the meteor's understanding of the case, to detect this feature of literary astronomy.

We have but to bear in mind that a meteor of any considerable brilliancy is always closely pursued by a comet—an editor—with wings of fire and an expression of bitter malevolence. In one hand the comet carries a pair of scissors, in the other a club. A blue pencil is behind the comet's ear. It is well to note the position of the scissors, for if the comet carries them in his vest pocket, he is not an editor, but a clerk in a dry goods emporium, and he indicates neither affirmatively nor negatively the presence of meteoric genius.

The meaning of this is that true genius is hated and persecuted by editors, and that to be successful in literature the only road is to be stupid, pedantic, white-cravatted, and hypocritical. It is by this rule that we discover our own writings to possess signal merit, and it is therefore a most popular touchstone.

[This paper undertakes no responsibility for the opinions of correspondents, and here it expresses the calm belief that literary men who succeed in becoming successful have as much merit as men who succeed only in enraging the editor.]

And there is one class of successful literary men to whom this touchstone is extremely applicable. It should be applied from a sling. They are those creatures who fill children's magazines with that playfully simple, charming and yet thoroughly moral copy which makes Christmas critics prophesy a "feast of good things from the always readable pen of that delightful purveyor of innocent childish amusement and instruction." Below is the style. Note the humorous turns:

I know a little maid,
Her eyes are very blue,
Her lips are very red—
But what is that to you?

Her name? Now, is it Maude?
Well, no—yes—no; but—well,
Perhaps if I did know,
Perhaps I would n't tell.

You see we're lovers true,
And there's a saying—well,
That certain, certain things
A swain must never tell.

But swains may sing their love,
So sing I: "Tra, la, la,
I love my pretty lass,"
And why? I'm her Papa.

"Ah," think I, "if in growing
Her heart keeps growing, too,
Soon some one else must fill it—
But what is that to you?"

The producers of this style of lively blandness are gladly informed that golden positions await them in the boundless West. Golden positions in the midst of plenty. We mean—and we mean every word of it—the position of golden pumpkin in a corn-field.

Williston Fish.

FORGOTTEN HOW.

IT WAS A TIME of immense public excitement, and the streets were filled with people discussing the latest news of the strike.

FIRST CITIZEN.—There! (*triumphantly handing the paper to his neighbor.*) That's the way the *Morning Fishball* looks at it. What do you think?

SECOND CITIZEN (*gloomily*).—I don't think; I'm a professional juror.

A CAR-DRIVER'S UNION, Cedric, is an organization whose object is to stop the driving of cars as often as its bosses may think proper.

A CAT MAY LOOK at a king, and not see any great potatoes, either.

IT SEEMS as if Prince Bismarck wants not only the earth, but also any little thing that may stick up from the waters under the earth.



THE PRESENT STATUS OF TRADE ON LISPENARD STREET.

SENIOR MEMBER OF FIRM.—Waig oop, poy! Here comes a Western payer!

SOLVED!

DEAR PUCK:

As a war between the United States and Germany is now imminent, I hasten to tell our government, through your columns, how to beat the enemy in a bloodless, cheap, and even profitable manner. It is this: Keep perfectly cool and quiet; let our ships do the only thing they can—run away; put no torpedos nor other defenses in our harbors; then let some prominent German-Americans act the pretended spy in all the prominent ports, and send word to Germany that they need not shoot at our cities from a distance, but can send an army right along, and land it quietly and in good shape.

When the army gets here, we can simply circulate the information among the German soldiers that each and every one who will "declare his intentions" can have a homestead of 160 acres of good land, and that our railroads will carry actual intending settlers free.

Having obtained their ocean passage free, the men will leave *en masse*, carrying their needle guns, blankets, etc., which will come handy in their new Western homes; the officers and artillery will be left, and will fall an easy prey to our Atlantic and Pacific militia, or the officers can be clubbed to death by the New York police.

When the young Kaiser hears of it, he will say: "Py Schimminy, vos dot zo?" whilst we will have all of our military bands triumphantly playing, "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?" (on account of the greater faithfulness of the latter.) He will quickly discover that sending armies to America is like pouring beer down a rat hole, and will hasten to make propositions of peace, alike honorable and profitable to us.

In due time I shall apply to our government for a pension of \$500,000 per week, as a small testimonial of its indebtedness to me, there being two precedents in applications for pay for "plans" for "suppressing the rebellion."

Yours, hochachtungsvoll,

Hans Hosenstraeger.

Wurstmuehle, Wisconsin.



AT THE AUCTION ART GALLERIES.

MRS. COYKENDALL (*profusely*).—I beg ten thousand pardons! I hope I did n't hurt you.

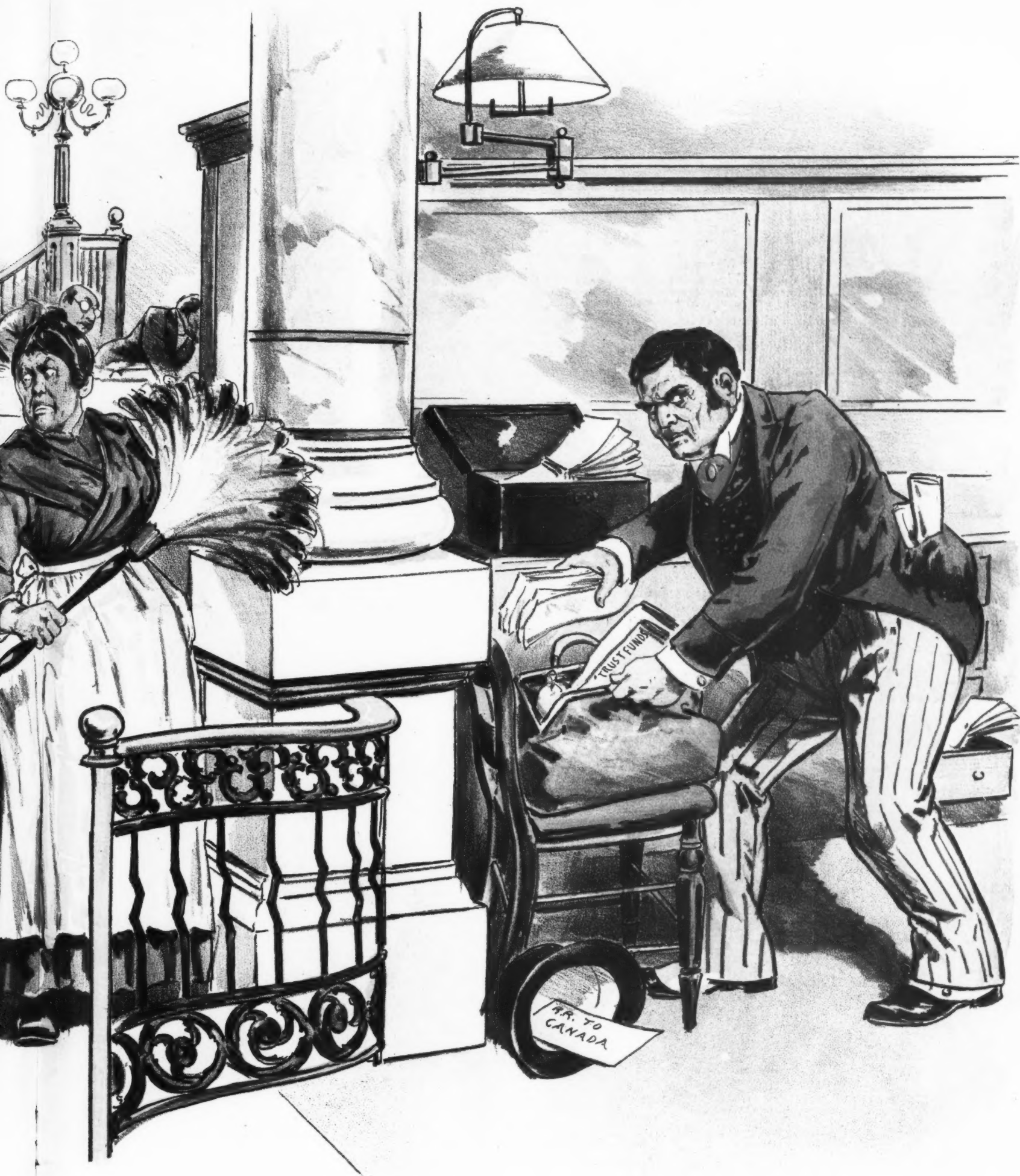
THE AUCTIONEER'S ASSISTANT.—Don't mention it, Madam. Everything goes here.



C.J. Taylor

"THE TRUSTED OFFICIAL"—CONFIDENCE

Our great corporations set a hundred petty clerks to watching each other, and yet



CONFIDENCE THAT BEGETS DISHONESTY.

other, and yet repose unlimited confidence in one man — who handles the money.

A STORY FROM THE PRESS,

Read Between the Lines.



FAMILY BY THE name of Shamrock arrived at Castle Garden yesterday, in a state of utter destitution. The proper authorities had their attention called to the case. The father and mother were sent back, but their son, Shamus Shamrock, a bright little fellow of some ten years of age, was adopted by his uncle, of New York City.

—Oct. 10th, 1858.

MARRIED.

On the 3d inst., Mr. Shamus Shamrock to Miss Mary A. Emerald, by Father Patrick Killarney, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Emerald.

—Dec. 25th, 1870.

The funeral of the late John Emerald occurred yesterday, and was very largely attended by friends of the deceased, the funeral procession being composed of no less than sixty carriages. Father Patrick Killarney officiated.

—March 10th, 1872.

Mr. Shamus Shamrock, the nephew of the late John Emerald, inherits nearly the whole of his late uncle's property, and will continue the liquor business at the old well-known and popular stand.

—March 25th, 1872.



The Democratic caucus last night was a very exciting affair, and a stirring speech was made by Mr. Shamus Shamrock, which was received with great applause. The regular ticket was nominated, thanks to the efforts and earnest appeal of Mr. Shamrock.

—September 10th, 1878.



"Billy the Kid" and "Johnny the Mick" were arrested yesterday on the charge of assaulting a policeman. They were held in the sum of two thousand dollars each, to appear for trial before the Supreme Court. Mr. Shamus Shamrock furnished bail, and they were released.

—May 6th, 1880.

Mr. Shamus Shamrock, who wields great political influence in his ward, will, it is said, control the coming election for its State Senator. It is rumored that he favors the election of Michael Belfast.

—August 1st, 1882.

The election of Mr. Shamus Shamrock to be an Alderman of New York City was a foregone conclusion. The opposition made but the merest semblance of a fight, and the contest can only be characterized as a complete walkover for Mr. Shamrock.

—November 3rd, 1884.

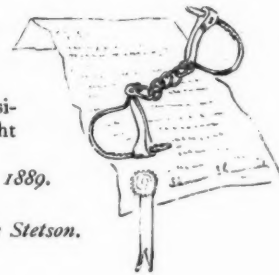
So little do the recent charges against the Board of Aldermen interest Mr. Shamus Shamrock, that, with his wife and children, he has departed for a pleasure trip in Canada. He will probably remain about two weeks.

July 3rd, 1886.

It is understood that Mr. Shamus Shamrock is so charmed with the delightful climate of Canada, that he will take up a permanent residence at his country seat there. He has sold out his business here, and feels that he has earned a right to take a rest.

February 6th, 1889.

Clarence Stetson.



A LONG LOOK AHEAD.



EGGLEY MONADE (before marriage).—Let me carry it, love; it's heavy for you. Let this be my task.



And some people will think that he did n't carry it after marriage. But he did—noble soul!



"At that moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and with a hideous yell the redskin bounded twenty feet in the air, and fell back dead. Shovel-Tooth Sol, the Exterminator, never missed his mark."

And the Somewhat Unfavorable Circumstances Under Which He Enjoys Them.



"Look ye, boy," cried Purple-Whiskered Pete, the Pirate, "ye shall join my crew, or feed the sharks!"
"Never!" shouted the brave lad, and seizing the buccaneer in his arms, with one herculean effort he hurled him overboard."



"Oh, heavens!" cried the beautiful maiden, "pray, restore me to my friends! Have you no pity?"
"None!" hissed Gonzales, the Outlaw; "you shall be my bride ere yonder sun is an hour lower! Ha! Ha!"

A "TIN" WHISTLE—Mrs. Alice Shaw's.

A BLOOD RELATION—The Dime Novel.

A STREET BAND—The Belt Line Railroad.

A CROSS-CUT SAW—Strabismus.

A FAST COLOR—Brown; trotting record 2:18¾.

THE RACE PROBLEM—Was It Square?

A DRY HUMORIST—One who is "Pumped Out."

CHEBANGS—False Fronts.



"Suddenly removing his disguise, the fearless youth stepped forward—
"Ha!" shrieked Sing Sing Sam, "we are foiled! It is Kneehigh, the Boy Detective!"



"Throw up your hands!"
"The voice of Raging Rube, the Road Agent, was recognized by the terror-stricken occupants of the coach, and the order was obeyed at once."

SLIP RENT.—The Fee at the Toboggan Slide.

A BROWNING CLUB—The Cooking School.

A LEAN-TO—Bernhardt's Legs.

A WILD WEST SHOW—Sunset.

A CHATTERBOX—The Phonograph.

A LOST 'ART—Falling in Love.

A TIME-PEACE—Truce.

A POCKET COMPASS—About a Quart.

IN AN IDYL MOMENT.
"Joined to his idols, let him alone,"
The parson says, and he sidles
Off; but my boss has a text of his own
When he sees me joined to my idles.
C. F. Lummis.

"No, I CAN NOT live within my income," said the prodigal; "but, without it, the outcome would be the same."

THE MORE we see of others, the more respectfully we bow to the looking-glass.

WE DOUBT NOT, dear Mr. Wrightwell, that your axiom, "the papers that pay are the papers that pay," is correct, whichever way you may look at it.

IF THE CHILD is father to the man, the prerogatives must seem to him a trifle mixed when he is led out to interview the trunk-strap.

"BEAUTY DRAWS more than oxen," and is much more ready to come under the yoke.

YOU CAN NOT measure a man's calibre by what his mouth shoots off. The lips are often the wide end of a funnel, the spout of which easily holds the brains.

IT LOOKS just now as if people who have gone to Florida will get back about the time that cold weather really makes an appearance in New York.



"The struggle was a short one. With a lightning thrust, Littlelegs, the Child Scout, buried his knife to the hilt in the heart of his foe. Although the Indian was over seven feet high, he had met his match."

THE YOUNG FIEND.
"How nice the fence looks newly painted!"
"T was thus I heard the neighbors talk;
While little Johnnie smiled and muttered:
"I wish I had a piece of chalk."

THOUGH THE mule has a large head, his brayin' way's only announce.

FAULTS ARE KEPT in the back-ground on account of fault's modesty.

EVERY MAN is the architect of his own fortune. And it's lucky for most of us that there's no building inspector around.

SAID LITTLE Ethel with grave fears,
O'er the top of the table peering:
"Now that they've cut my Carlo's ears,
Has Carlo lost his hearing?"

"ALMOST" IS THE difference between the conscientious man and the liar.

IT IS ROUGH on the ambitious to be born so late in the world. What Mayor of a town as small as Athens, can hope, nowadays, for the fame of Pericles?

THE MAN who lost his right leg in the war, by trying to stop a rolling cannon ball, has always regretted that he put his best foot forward.



**Ed. Brown's
Ginger**
ESTABLISHED 1922. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
U. S. A.
FOR INDIGESTION
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

THE KODAK.



Price, \$25.00.

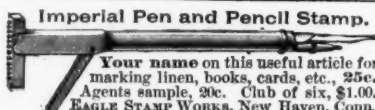
ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without re-loading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory where the camera can be sent to be re-loaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "press the button,"—we do the rest.

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths, the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down, Wm. Blackie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



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The crustiest crank in Christendom can not look at a page of it without bursting into a wholesome, liver-loosening Christian laugh. 30 cents. All Newsdealers. By mail, 35 cents.
"Puck's Oppper Book" in Board Cover 50 Cents.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(From the Sunday Blower.)

BLATHERSKITE'S MUSEUM.
THIS WEEK ONLY.

The most extravagant and profoundly sensational exhibition yet attempted in the world.

A scintillating aggregation of natatorial nymphs. Fair and bewitching beauties from all the countries of Europe in a grand and hitherto unparalleled exhibition of aquatorial feats.

("Help" Columns of the Same Paper.)

WANTED.—Girls who can swim. Apply at the back door of Blatherskite's Museum, and ask for the manager.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FROM OPPOSITE STANDPOINTS.

OPTIMISTIC BOBBY.—What a fine time the pearl divers must have, Tommy! They are in swimmin' all day, and have more fat, juicy oysters than they can eat.

PESSIMISTIC TOMMY.—Yes; and what a fine time the sharks have eatin' of them!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

ONE KIND OF LOGIC.

PEDAGOGUE.—If one diamond is worth fifty dollars, how much are five diamonds worth?

BOY.—Two hundred and fifty dollars.

PEDAGOGUE.—Correct.

'Thus we are taught in childhood many things that we have to unlearn in maturity.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

HER FIRST RABBIT.

MR. PINEHURST.—Come, Nell; pick him up and we'll travel along.

MRS. PINEHURST.—I don't like to touch him. Oh! I'll tell you. Let's dig a little grave for him in the snow, and then cry over him the way we do with the canaries.—*Time.*

ONE FOR THE ELI.

ELI SMITH, '90.—I see the Harvard nine is going to play with professionals this year.

ELI BROWN, '89.—No; the professionals are going to play with them.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HENRY-WARD-BEECHER'S PEARLS' SOAP



Henry Ward Beecher

A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

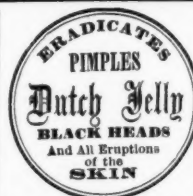
PEARS' TOILET PURPOSES. It is the best, the most elegant, and the most economical of all soaps for general use. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. But be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

ORATORS

And that Pico's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.



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Is not a Cosmetic, but a SKIN TONIC. It brings about its beautifying effects, not by covering up defects, but by removing them. JES. WATZFEIDER, Sole Agent for the United States, 14 WARREN ST., N. Y. For Sale by First-class Fancy Dry-goods Houses and Drug Stores.

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ALL FREE! Ladies' book of Fancy work, 150 new crazy Stitches, 28 Fancy Patterns, 1 doz. Fringed Napkins, (6 white, 6 red), 3 Curious Puzzles, with our Paper 3 months on trial, for 12 cents. YOUTH, Boston, Mass.

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REMINGTON.

WON
GOLD MEDAL
AND
SILVER MEDAL
FOR
CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE
WORLD,
At Toronto, August 13, 1888.

OFFICIAL REPORT.
"On General Writing—law, evidence, and commercial matter—Miss M. E. Orr won the Gold Medal for the Championship of the World. "Mr. McGurrian won the Silver Medal in the same class." "Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurrian used the Remington Typewriter."
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 BROADWAY, N. Y.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y., says:

"I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1836. I am now over seventy-five years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, mumps, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restore their health at once."

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- 16.—"The Small Boy." Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.
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SINGERS



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

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PRECEDENCE.

"Oh, when can you be mine!" I cried —
And held her in my arms and kissed her;
Pathetically, she replied:
"When some one takes my elder sister!"
—C. H. H., in Time.

APROPOS THE CRUCHE CASSEE.

BOYLESTON GRAY, A. B.—And what is this lovely picture?

Mrs. JACK POTTER (*absently*).—It's a little thing of Greuze's, called the *Pousse Café*.

Gray is much gratified.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

KARAGEORGIVITCH, pretender to the Servian throne, has come into a fortune. But, to be frank, we don't care what he came into, as long as he did n't come into our office to be introduced around.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

The surest and purest liniment in the market is Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents. A national dispenser of happiness is a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.



CAUTION

If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

A SEVEN-DOLLAR overcoat is a heap warmer than the ticket for a fur-trimmed.—*Merchant Traveler*.



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Tickets, \$10, admitting gentleman and one lady. [Additional lady's ticket, \$3.] Can be had by introduction of:
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\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

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The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster. 25 cents; 5 for \$1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

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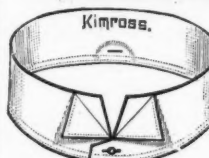
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Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

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Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. 372
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

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FREE \$55 Solid Gold Watch. Gold for \$100, until lately. Best \$55 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **FREE** One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send **FREE**, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address: **Stinson & Co., Box 756, Portland, Maine.**

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We will mail you a Sample Can, your choice, on receipt of 12
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WILLIAM ROEMER,
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Trunks and Traveling Bags
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The largest assortment in the
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Shipped to all parts United States. Orders by mail promptly filled.
Send for price-list.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

This publication is printed with inks from **W. & H. ERDTMANN, 252 & 254 Pearl St., New York.** 341-351 Dearborn St., Chicago. 405

Mr. GLADSTONE is going to write a magazine article on "Pigs." Mr. Bismarck once wrote something about "American hogs" that created a furore in Chicago literary circles.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

SPECULATORS FOR A FALL—Wrestlers.—*Spotted Cayuse.*

He is truly a noodle who is always in the soup.—*Atchison Globe.*

NEW YORK BOODLE ALDERMAN (at railroad station, disguised as a fat woman).—Here, sir, don't keep a lady waiting! I want a first-class ticket for Montreal.

FORMER CONSTITUENT (in ticket office).—Hello, Alderman; is there going to be another trial?

DISGUISED ALDERMAN.—Heavens, Mike; how did you recognize me in Widow Kelly's clothes?

TICKET SELLER.—Why, you have your shawl fastened with the diamond pin that the boys gave you for getting them on the pipes last fall. Better leave it with me, or you'll be caught, sure.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

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RURAL GENT.—Never mind; you just bring it along, and, by gosh, I'll make it go!—*Yale Record.*

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See our Announcement on page 37 of the "United States Official Postal Guide" for January, 1899.

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A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge. 418*

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WE CLOSED OUT 170 PIECES. THE STYLES ARE SIMPLY ELEGANT—SMALL, NEAT EFFECTS, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SUITS. ALSO A LOT OF 70 PIECES OF TROUSERINGS WHICH WE MAKE UP AT \$4.

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